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Hymnals
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HYMNS

and

SPIRITUAL SONGS:

For the Use of

St. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,

Manchester.

.....

Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all Wisdom; teaching
and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs,
singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord. Col. iii. 16.



Manchester :

PRINTED BY SOWLER AND RUSSELL,
NO. 125, DEANSGATE.

1798.





HYMNS, &c.

HYMN I.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 'Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing,
“ High glory to th' eternal King.”
- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall 'wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,—
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

- 5 Direct, controul, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN II.

- 1 COME, let us join our chearful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
" To be exalted thus :"
" Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
" For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN III.

- 1 **T**HE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honor'd doom,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.
- 2 Ev'n now, to our transported eyes,
Fair Sion's tow'rs in prospect rise;
Within her gates we stand,
And, lost in wonder and delight,
Behold her happy sons unite
In friendship's firmest band.
- 3 Hither, from JUDA's utmost end,
The heav'n-protected tribes ascend,
Their off'rings hither bring:
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' Immortal King!

HYMN IV.

- 1 **J**ESUS! I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heav'n and earth might hear.

2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust :
Jewels to me are empty toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All, my capacious pow'rs can with,
In thee most richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Oh ! may thy grace still cheer my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care !
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath ;
Then speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN V.

- 1 COME, sing the Great Jehovah's praise,
Whose mercies have prolong'd our days ;
Sing with a joyful voice :
With bended knees, and raised eyes,
Adore your God with sacrifice ;
In sacred hymns rejoice.

- 2 Great is the God of our defence;
 Transcending all in eminence!
 His hand the earth sustains,
 The depths, the lofty mountains made,
 The land and liquid plains display'd,
 And curbs them with his reins.
- 3 O' come, before his footstool fall;
 Our only God, who form'd us all,
 Thro' storms and dangers leads;
 He is our Shepherd, we his sheep,
 His hands from wolves and rapine keep,
 In pleasant pastures feeds.

HYMN VI.

- 1 **K**EEP me, O Lord, thou King of kings?
 By thy almighty pow'r;
 Supply me with all needful things,
 And guard me ev'ry hour.
- 2 Give me, O Lord, thy saving grace;
 Keep me from sin secure;
 May I the paths of virtue trace,
 And make salvation sure.
- 3 For ev'ry mercy I enjoy,
 Give me a thankful heart
 And graciously my thoughts employ,
 To act the Christian part.

- 4 O, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Of earth and heav'n above,
Thy spirit of peace to me afford,
To sing, adore, and love.

HYMN VII.

- 1 **L**IFT up your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heav'nly King;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
- 2 **I**SRAEL! thy Creator blest,
And with joyous tongue confess,
That his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
- 3 **A**ARON! let thy chosen line
Grateful in the avowal join,
That his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
- 4 Ye who make his will your care,
With assenting voice declare
That his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

HYMN VIII.

- 1 **W**HY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempest's pow'r?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tow'r.

- 2 Tho' hot the fight ; why quit the field ?
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield ?
- 3 When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep ; but why should I ?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- 4 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.
- 5 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supply'd ;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 6 Tho' sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address ;
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 7 Tho' faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 8 Against me earth and hell combine ;
But on my side is pow'r divine ;
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

HYMN IX.

- 1 **W**HEN all the mercies of my God
My rising soul surveys,

- Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
In wonder, love, and praise ?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

HYMN X.

- 1 **O** COME, let us, with one accord,
Lift up our voice, and praise the Lord;
Let us this morning bless his name,
And laud and magnify the same.
- 2 Let universal nature raise
A chearful voice to give him praise;
Let all the world his glory sing,
Who is their Saviour, Lord, and King.
- 3 For by his word the heav'ns were made,
The earth's foundation also laid;
All things were done at his command,
Which thro' all ages firmly stand.
- 4 Wherefore let heav'n and earth agree
To sing his praise in unity;
And, let us here, with one accord,
Sing—"Hallelujah, praise the Lord."
"Hallelujah," &c.

HYMN XI.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live
At this poor dying rate !
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great !
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN XII.

- 1 **C**OME, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne :
Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

- 2 The God, who rules on high,
Who all the earth surveys,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:
This awful God is ours,
Our Father, and our love ;
He will send down his heav'nly powers
To carry us above.
- 3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in :
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruit, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow :
Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry :
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL's ground,
To fairer world's on high !

HYMN XIII.

- 1 **L**ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows
On this thy day, in this thine house ;

Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

- 2 Thy sacred Sabbath, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shades, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 Oh ! long-expected day ! begin,
Draw on these realms of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest in God.

HYMN XIV.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, my thankful heart receives
The hope thy invitation gives ;
To thee my joyful lips shall raise
The voice of pray'r, the voice of praise.

- 2 I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join ;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise, to grieve my Lord.
- 3 Till the day breaks, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thy eyes to me for ever turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
- 4 Be like a hart on mountains green ;
Leap o'er these hills of fear and sin :
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My love, my Saviour, from my side.

HYMN XV.

- 1 **T**HY daily mercies, O my God,
My waking thoughts employ ;
And, while I meditate on thee,
My heart is fill'd with joy.
- 2 Thou giv'st me rest upon my bed,
Soft slumber to my eyes ;
Thy goodness is again renew'd,
When in the morn I rise.
- 3 Throughout the business of the day,
Thine arm doth me uphold ;
Amidst the terrors of the night,
Thy presence makes me bold.

- 4 Whether in sickness, or in health,
Thy grace does me sustain;
Let me, O Lord, thy favour have,
And I shall ne'er complain.
- 5 Aided by thee, I need not fear
The frowns of rich or great;
Their pomp and wealth I covet not,
Nor envy all their state.
- 6 Altho' the fig-tree blossom not,
Nor vineyard yield increase,
In thee, my Saviour and my God,
To joy I will not cease.
- 7 Yea, tho' the world by storms be tost,
And crumbled into dust,
Yet still in thee, my only hope,
I will securely trust.

HYMN XVI.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear the voice of our complaint,
Accept our secret pray'r;
To thee alone, our King, our God,
We will for help repair.
- 2 Thou, in the morn, our voice shalt hear,
And, with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly we'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

- 3 O, let all those who trust in thee,
With shouts their joys proclaim ;
Let them rejoice, whom thou preserv'st,
And all who love thy name.
- 4 To righteous men, the righteous Lord
His blessings will extend ;
And with his favour, as a shield,
Will all his saints defend.

HYMN . XVII.

- 1 FATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give ;
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bids us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease !
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace !
- 3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory giv'n ;
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honours, and their joys
Thro' nations far abroad.

- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
 One gen'ral song to raise;
Let saints in heav'n and earth combine
 In harmony and praise.

HYMN XVIII.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord,—'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads the clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens, when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb!—
All are too mean delights for him.

- 6 But faints are lovely in his fight :
He views his children with delight ;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,—
And looks, and loves his image there.

HYMN XIX.

- 1 **T**HIS is our solemn day of praise ;
To thee our voices high we'll raise,
Eternal God and King :
To thy blest courts we will repair,
Approach thy throne in fervent pray'r,
And heart-felt tributes bring.
- 2 Inflam'd with universal love,
Such as descended from above,
To thee our vows we'll pay.
O, may no false unchristian pride,
Nor narrow thoughts, to her ally'd,
Invade us while we pray.
- 3 Prosper this day thy sacred word,
And grant that, as a two-edg'd sword,
It may our hearts explore ;
Attended by thy pow'rful grace,
Let it each baneful spot erase,
And may we sin no more.
- 4 Then shall we hope, when thou dost come,
To fix our everlasting doom,

To hear these joyful words,—
“ Go, join the heav’nly choir, and sing
“ Eternal praises to your King,
“ Jehovah, Lord of Lords.”

HYMN XX.

- 1 **G**IVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
Extinguish’d with thy blood.
- 2 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
Its enmity destroy ;
With cords of love th’ old ADAM bind,
And melt him into joy.
- 3 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let Kindness sweetly write her law,
Let Love command our hearts.
- 4 Oh ! let thy love our hearts constrain !
Jesus, the crucify’d !
What hast thou done, our hearts to gain ?
Languish’d, and groan’d, and dy’d !
- 5 Who would not now pursue the way,
Where Jesu’s footsteps shine ?
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine ?

- 6 Saviour! look down with pitying eyes;
Our jarring wills controul;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.
- 7 Oh! let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
"See, how Christians love!"

HYMN XXI.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart,---it pants for thee;
O, burst these bonds, and fet it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross!
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, whilst thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and chear my heart

- 5 Saviour! where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee;
O, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil, and pain, and grief shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN XXII.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns (a shining frame)
Their Great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The works of an Almighty Hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth!
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

- 5 What tho', in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball :
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found !
- 6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice :
For ever singing, as they shine,
" The Hand that made us is divine."

HYMN XXIII.

- 1 **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare ;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring ;
Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High !
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 All those who have his goodness prov'd,
Will in his truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
Who on his help rely'd.
- 4 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From SION, his abode ;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

HYMN XXIV.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting King !
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let ev'ry act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :
Like the blest hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O, may it ever, ever stay !
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !
- 4 Each foll'wing minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

HYMN XXV.

- 1 **P**RAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid ;
Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word.

- 2 Whence then should doubts and fears arise !
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?
Slowly, alas ! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 3 Oh ! for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty faith !
To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 4 Then should the earth's old pillows shake,
And all the wheels of nature break ;
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks, when billows roar.

HYMN XXVI.

- 1 **T**HOU, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in pow'r ;
Thee let all in earth and skies
Continually adore !
Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.
- 2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And ev'ry comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere ;

For the blessings numberless,
Thou hast already giv'n;
For my smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heav'n.

3 Gracious God! my sins forgive,
Thy good Spirit impart;
Then I shall in thee believe,
With all my loving heart;
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heav'nly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in answer to his pray'r,
And ev'ry grace bestow,
That I may, with zealous care,
Perform thy will below;
Rooted in humility,
Still in ev'ry state resign'd,
Plant, Almighty Lord, in me,
A meek and lowly mind.

HYMN XXVII.

1 **T**HIS is the day, the Lord's own day,
A day of holy rest;
O, teach our souls to rest from sin,
That rest will please thee best.

- 2 This is the day, the day, O Lord,
On which thou didst arise ;
For sinners having made thyself
A sinless sacrifice.
- 3 Thou, thou alone, redeemed hast
Our souls from deadly thrall,
With no less price than thine own blood,
The purchase of us all.
- 4 Hadst thou not dy'd, we had not liv'd
But dy'd eternally ;
We'll live to him who dy'd for us,
And praise his name on high.
- 5 Thou, Lord, didst die, and rise again,
And didst ascend on high,
That we poor sinners, lost and dead,
Might live eternally.
- 6 Thy blood was shed instead of ours ;
Thy soul our guilt did bear ;
Thou took'st our sins, gave us thyself ;
Thy love's beyond compare.
- 7 Welcome and dear unto my soul,
Is thy most holy day ;
May I th' eternal Sabbath keep,
With God, my strength and stay !

8 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray ;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace ;
I joy to think that is the way
To see my Saviour's face.

9 These are my preparation days,
And, when my soul is drest,
These Sabbaths shall deliver me
To mine eternal rest.

10 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All glory be therefore ;
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN XXVIII.

1 **I** STRIVE each action to approve
To God's all-seeing eye ;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

2 Therefore my heart all grief defies ;
My glory does rejoice ;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
'Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free ;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see,

- 4 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

HYMN XXIX.

- 1 I SING th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies!
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 There's not a plant nor flow'r below,
But make thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

- 6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
- 7 In heav'n he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

HYMN XXX.

- 1 **T**HE love of Christ! how sweet the theme!
It fills our souls with joys unknown:
And whilst we praise the Saviour's name,
We join with seraphs round the throne.
- 2 How great thy condescension, Lord,
To leave the glories of the skies!
The Son of God, th' Eternal Word,
Becomes incarnate, bleeds, and dies!
- 3 In vain would mortal mind aspire
T' express his love in equal lays;
But when we join the heav'nly choir,
We'll equal angels in the praise.

- 4 Whilst long eternity rolls on,
The love of Christ shall claim our songs ;
And day and night, around the throne,
Praise shall employ our thankful tongues.

HYMN XXXI.

- 1 **W**HOM thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest ;
Under the shadow of thy wings
May we securely rest !
- 2 Each thought and deed thy piercing eyes
With strictest search survey ;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.
- 3 Thy angels shall around our beds
Their constant stations keep :
Thy faith and truth shall shield our heads,
For thou dost never sleep.
- 4 May we with calm and sweet repose,
And heav'nly thoughts refresh'd,
Our eye-lids with the morn's unclosed,
And bless the ever-bless'd !

HYMN XXXII.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! thy energy impart,
And write this lesson in my heart ;

Rouze ev'ry solemn thought, that I
May ponder what it is to die !

2 To die, and quit this house of clay,
And unembody'd pass away
From all things mortal, and have done
With all concerns beneath the sun !

3 When all my days shall be fulfill'd,
My character and state be seal'd ;
My naked spirit borne to God,
And sentenc'd to its long abode !

4 My change is sure, and may be soon !
Each hast'ning minute leads it on ;
The shafts of death around me fly,
And every day I live—I die.

5 This, this my state, to die, I'd learn,
And make it ev'ry day's concern ;
Then let which will be last (this may)
I'm not unpractis'd in the way.

HYMN XXXIII.

1 **L**ET all the just to God with joy
Their chearful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet ;

And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

- 3 For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound ;
He justice loves ; and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 4 Our souls on God with patience wait ;
Our help and shield is he ;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.
- 5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

HYMN XXXIV.

- 1 **T**HOU God of truth and love !
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice t' approve,
And Providence obey ;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.
- 2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place ?
And why together brought
To see each other's face,

To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee ?

3 Didst not thou make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain ?
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renew'd in perfect love !

4 Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear !
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim !

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care
To fight our passage through ;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O, may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day !
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away !
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast !

HYMN XXXV.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

2 But, oh! what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see,
How great the love
He bears for me.

3 The Lord my Shepherd is,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock,
He knows their names ;
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.

HYMN XXXVI.

- 1 **O**N thee, Almighty God, I'll trust;
Thy mercy keeps me from despair;
Tho' blasts or mildews eat like rust,
Thy flock is thy peculiar care.
- 2 Tho' Vegetation hide her head.
Or Nature's bloom no more appear;
By thee sustain'd with heav'nly bread,
Thy love shall banish ev'ry fear.
- 3 What tho' the vintage pride decay;
No blossom's on the fig-tree found;
Tho' all the olives die away,
And flocks and herds were under ground:
- 4 In thy salvation will I trust:
Thy praise, by night, will sing;
Tho' vile, polluted, sinful dust,
Thou art my Saviour, God and King.
- 5 Tho' finners scoff, or fools blaspheme
Thy great, thy holy, sacred name;
Thy attributes shall be my theme,
I'll rev'rence, love, adore the same.

HYMN XXXVII.

- 1 **W**E lift our rising hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 Eternal Light, send forth thy beams;
The night of sin disperse,
And scatter all the mists of vice,
Which shade the universe.

3 May not one pitchy cloud of sin
O'ercast the present day !
But rise on us, and shine within,
And lead us in thy way.

4 May we our span of time improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short, revolving day,
As if it were our last !

HYMN XXXVIII.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men !
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love :
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN XXXIX.

- 1 **T**HE Lord with pleasure views his saints,
And calls them all his own ;
And low he bows to their complaints,
And pities ev'ry groan.
- 2 In all the joys they here possess,
He takes a tender part ;
And when they rise to heav'nly bliss,
Complacence fills his heart.
- 3 My God ! are all my pleasures thine ?
My comforts thy delight ?
Oh ! be thy happiness divine
Most precious in my sight !
- 4 They most in all thy bliss shall share,
Whose hearts can love thee most ;
Oh ! could I vie in ardour here,
With all th' angelic host !

HYMN XL.

- 1 **L**ET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise ;
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

- 2 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works, art thou !
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.
- 3 Thro' all the earth and nations round
Shall thee their God confess ;
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great name express.
- 4 O ! come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That he to all the sons of men
Hath wond'rous judgments shown.

HYMN XLI.

- 1 **SING** to the great Jehovah's praise !
All praise to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs :
Whose providence has brought us through
Another various year,
We all, with hymns and praises new,
Before our God appear.
- 2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still-continued care,
To thee presenting, thro' thy Son,
Whate'er we have, or are ;

Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go,
To see thy face above.

- 3 Our residue of days, or hours,
Thine, wholly thine shall be,
And all our consecrated pow'rs,
A sacrifice to thee :
'Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
(To saints on earth forgiv'n)
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heav'n.

HYMN XLII.

- 1 **W**ELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise :
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where our dear Lord hath been,

Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah.

HYMN XLIII.

1 **H**OW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high !
And with repeated hymns of praise,
His name to magnify !

2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn,
His goodness to relate ;
And of his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat.

3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd ;
And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.

4 For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with chearful voice.

HYMN XLIV.

1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high ;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky ;
Him, three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim ;
Let ev'ry creature sing
His attributes and name !
Him, three in one, &c.

3 In his great name alone
All excellencies meet ;
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit :
Him, three in one, &c.

4 Glory to God belongs,
Glory to God be giv'n,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth or heav'n :
Him, three in one, &c.

HYMN XLV.

1 ALL-glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise !

What flaming love and zeal is due,
While heav'n stands open to our view !

2 Once we were fall'n, and oh ! how low !
Just on the brink of endless woe ;
Doom'd to the heritage in hell,
Where sinners in deep darkness dwell.

3 But, lo ! a ray of chearful light
Scatters the horrid shades of night ;
Lo ! what triumphant grace is shewn
To souls impoverish'd and undone !

4 Far, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance is ours,
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To shew their holy, blissful state.

HYMN XLVI.

1 **O** RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord ;
Invoke his sacred name ;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wond'rous works rehearse :
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

- 3 Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd :
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy.
That humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore :
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

HYMN XLVII.

- 1 **O** Heavenly King, look down from above,
Assist us to sing thy mercy and love :
So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.
- 2 O God of our life, we hallow thy name,
Our business and strife is thee to proclaim ;
Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace ;
The living, the living shall shew forth thy praise.
- 3 Our Father and Lord, almighty art thou !
Preserv'd by thy word, we worship thee now,
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy !
Our tongues to thy honour, and lives we employ.
- 4 But oh ! above all, thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall which saves the lost race :

Thy Son thou hast given, a world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, whose trust is in him,

- 5 Wherefore of thy love we sing and rejoice,
With angels above we lift up our voice ;
Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, when time is no more.

HYMN XLVIII.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, our God within
His sanctuary praise ;
Within his firmament of pow'r,
His glory duly raise.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts,
That have by him been wrought,
Praise him as doth his greatness fit,
Above what can be thought.
- 3 Praise him aloud with cheerful sounds
That stately trumpets give :
Praise him on psaltery and harp,
For ever whilst ye live.
- 4 Praise him with timbrels, and for joy,
To dance rejoicing meet ;
Praise him with instruments well string'd,
And organs sounding sweet.

- 5 Praise him with cymbals, praise to him,
With cymbals loud afford :
Let all things breathing give him praise,
For ever praise the Lord.

HYMN XLIX.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name ;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise him all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care ;
With those that to his outmost courts,
With humble zeal repair.
- 3 For this our truest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing ;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.

HYMN L.

- 1 **A**RT thou not, Lord, already mine ?
Answer if mine thou art !
Whisper within, thou love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

- 2 Oh tell me now my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live :
The debt's discharg'd, the ransom's paid,
My Father will forgive.
- 3 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are open'd wide ;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.
- 4 Oh could I loose myself in thee !
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love !
- 5 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies !
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes ?
- 6 I loath myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall :
Content, if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

HYMN LI.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, where breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !

His weeping followers gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave
Became it's Author well.

3 " Bleft is the man, whose soft'ning heart
" Feels all another's pain ;
" To whom the supplicating eye,
" Was never rais'd in vain.

4 " Whose breast expands with generous warmth
" A stranger's woes to feel,
" And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
" He wants the power to heal.

5 " He spreads his kind supporting arms
" To every child of grief ;
" His secret bounty largely flows,
" And brings unask'd relief.

6 " To gentle offices of love
" His feet are never slow ;
" He views through mercy's melting eye
" A brother in a foe.

- 7 " Peace from the bosom of his God,
 " My peace to him I give;
 " And when he kneels before the throne,
 " His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 " To him protection shall be shewn;
 " And mercy from above,
 " Descend on those who thus fulfil
 " The perfect law of love."

HYMN LII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
 No other help I know :
If thou withdraw thyself from me !
 Ah ! whither shall I go !
- 2 What did thy only Son endure
 Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labour to secure
 My soul from endless death.
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy power ;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
 Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes ;

Oh let me now receive that gift :
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die !
Oh speak, and I shall live !
And here I will unwearied lie
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of finners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face :
Oh let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

HYMN LIH.

1 **AND** are we now brought near to God,
Who once at a distance stood ;
And to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood ?

2 Oh for a long and ardent praise,
To bear our souls above ;
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love.

3 Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning grace,
And bring us yet more near ;
Here we may see thy glories shine,
And taste thy mercies here.

- 4 Oh may the love which spread thy board,
Dispose us for the feast ;
My faith behold a smiling God,
Thro' Jesu's bleeding breast.
- 5 Fir'd with the view, our souls shall rise
In such a scene as this,
And view the happy moment near,
That shall complete our blifs.

HYMN LIV.

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind :
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps :
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

HYMN LV.

1 **SWEET** is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning-light
And talk of all thy truths at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares should seize my breast ;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his work, and bless his word ;

Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

- 4 I soon shall see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below :
And all my powers find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN LVI.

- 1 **E**TERNAL rock, project thy shade,
Extend to me thy friendly aid,
While at thy foot, a sinner I,
Weary, and spent, and dying lie.
- 2 Covered by thee, my soul would rest
With pardon and salvation blest,
Till through thy riven side I rise,
And meet my Saviour in the skies.
- 3 That hiding-place I long to find,
That sacred covert from the wind ;
Thou man of grief, thou God of love,
Receive and keep my soul above.
- 4 Conceal me from the furious blast
Till all the storms of life are past,
Or let the latest tempest come,
And drive me to my heavenly home.

HYMN LVII.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread,
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ;
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes !
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain,
Before unwilling hearts display'd ;
Was not for you the victim slain,
Are your forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 Oh let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here his sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd ;
With hearts inflam'd let all attend ;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

- 6 Receive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live,
And more than energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN LVIII.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace,
How pleasant to our king
This fruit of righteousness;
When brethren all in one agree
Who knows the joys of unity!
- 2 When all are sweetly join'd.
True followers of the Lamb,
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same;
And all in love together dwell,
The comfort is unspeakable.
- 3 Where unity takes the place,
The joys of heaven we prove;
This is the gospel-grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit, on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our head.

- 4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And consecrates the place;
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.

HYMN LIX.

- 1 **L**O! God is here, let us adore,
And own, how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face!
Who knows his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
To thee our will, soul, flesh we give;
Oh! take, Oh! seal them for thy own:
Thou art the God: thou art the Lord:
Be thou by all thy works ador'd!

4 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

HYMN LX.

LET us with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo. Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God.

Cho. For his mercies, &c.

Solo. Who did the fixt earth ordain,
To rise from the watry plain.

Cho. For his mercies, &c.

Solo. Who ordain'd the glorious sun,
All the day his course to run.

Cho. For his mercies, &c.

Solo. And the moon to shine by night,
Mid her spangled sisters bright.

Cho. For his mercies, &c.

Solo. He had with a piteous eye
Seen us in our misery.

HYMN LXI.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise !
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd his starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

HYMN LXII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power:
Their motions speak thy skill:
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms.

- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains,
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 7 Oh may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN LXIII.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God our King—Hallelujah.
Thine eternal love we sing:
Thou hast bar'd thine arm divine,
Wrought salvation, made us thine.—Hall.
- 2 Fir'd with gratitude we raise
All our souls to sound thy praise:
Touch each heart, each tongue inspire,
Sing we higher still and higher.
- 3 Happy mansion— ev'ry voice,
In the blest retreat rejoice;

Let each voice united sound,
“ Be the walls with gladness crown’d.”

- 4 Blessings, Lord, profusely shed,
On each hand, each heart, each head ;
Who, with gen’rous pity join,
In the great, the good design.
- 5 Elevate our souls to thee ;
Thou our guide and guardian be ;
Worthy, worthy may we prove,
Lord, of such distinguish’d love.
- 6 Blessing, thankful all our days
May we pray, rejoice, and praise ;
Till the glorious trump shall sound,
And our raptur’d hearts rebound. Hallelujah.

HYMN LXIV.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly king !
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth his goodness shines,
And every want supplies.

- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food ;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thy anger moves !
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

HYMN LXV.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new melodious song ;
Assist the choir, ye tribes of every tongue ;
Wide as the world his sovereign mercy reigns ;
Wide as the world resound the rapturous strains ;
Ye angels join the joyful acclamation,
And sing the love, that brings to men salvation.
- 2 His gracious eye beheld in full survey
Where Adam's race in helpless ruin lay :
No human aid the danger could avert ;
No angel's hand could sooth the raging smart ;

In his own breast divine compassion rises,
And the grand scheme the court of heaven surprises.

3 God's only Son with peerless glory bright,
His Father's fairest image and delight,
Justice and grace the victim have decreed
To wear our flesh, and in that flesh to bleed.
Prostrate in dust, ye sinners, all adore him,
And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before him.

4 The wonderful work is done; the covenant stood,
And Jesus expiates human guilt with blood;
Nail'd to the tree he bows his sacred head;
A mangled corps he sojourns with the dead;
Rising, the gospel sends through every nation;
Sinners believe, and gain complete salvation.

5 Father of grace, accept our humble praise;
Oh let it run through everlasting days!
And thou, blest Saviour, spotless Lamb of God,
Accept the souls dear-ransom'd with thy blood;
And to those songs form all our feeble voices,
In which the choir round thy bright throne rejoices.

HYMN LXVI.

1 **S**OME seraph lend your heav'nly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,

That I may raise a lofty song
To our eternal King;
Thy names how infinite they be,
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

2 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
And wond'rous large thy grace,
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face:
Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirits fills,
And overloads our soul;
In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee,
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

HYMN LXVII.

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I list,
My soul on thee depends:

Convinc'd that ev'ry perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchas'd grace;
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live :
Our God is all in all !

HYMN LXVIII.

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing:
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us all thy love possessing,
Triumph in Redeeming Grace.

O refresh us,
In this dry and barren place.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound,
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey ;
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

HYMN LXIX.

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty ;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand,
Keep the wide world in awe ;

His wrath and justice stand,
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

- 3 Through all his mighty works,
Amazing wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their dark designs :
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sov'reign will.
- 4 And can this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My father and my friend ?
I love his name, I love his word,
Join all my pow'rs to praise the Lord.

HYMN LXX.

- 1 **B**EGIN the high celestial strain
My ravish'd soul, and sing
A solemn hymn of grateful praise,
To heav'ns Almighty King ;
Ye circling mountains, as you roll,
Your silver waves along,

Whisper to all your verdant shores,
The subject of my song.

2 Retain it long, you echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves,
Return it oft again ;
Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide extended world,
My lofty theme convey.

3 Take the glad burthen of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the ev'ning skies ;
Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault,
To ev'ry flying strain.

4 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo thro' the sky,
Till angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony ;
While I, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The blest Creator sing,

And warble consecrated lays,
To heav'ns Almighty King.

HYMN LXXI.

1 **W**HAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart:
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purify my heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free:
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners me.

4 From all iniquity, from all
He shall my soul redeem:
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart his home
My sins shall all depart:
And lo! he saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart.

6 Be it according to thy word !
Redeem me from all sin ;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord ;
Come in, my Lord, come in !

HYMN LXXII.

- 1 **E**TERNAL pow'r, whose high abode,
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high.
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to list thy name ;
But O ! the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heav'n, and men below ;
Be short our tunes, our words be few !

A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise fits silent on our tongues.

HYMN LXXIII.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,"
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the fight.
- 4 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And sweetest notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN LXXIV.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the solemn shades of night,
When I behold the skies,
In contemplation of thy works,
My thoughts to heaven rise :
If I survey the silver moon,
Array'd in robes of light,
Who form'd her lucent orb, I cry,
Must be supremely bright.
- 2 But when I view ten thousand stars
Shining with rival rays,
My soaring soul the sky transcends,
And thinks she sees thy blaze :
Transported with ecstatic love,
Ingulph'd in bliss I stand,
Gaze on thy dazzling beams, and taste
The joys at thy right hand.
- 3 Celestial pleasures thro' my veins
In floods of transport roll,

And thy amazing goodness, Lord,
With raptures melts my soul :
O Lord our God, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heav'nly state,
Let all the earth proclaim.

HYMN LXXV.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest !
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God !
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look ;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Even life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford ;
It would a tiresome burden prove
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord !

- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

HYMN LXXVI.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose;
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleep: 's lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

- 6 Let my blest guardian while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
Divine love into me instill,
Stop all the avenues of ill.
- 7 Thought to thought with my soul converse,
Celestial joys to me rehearse ;
And in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.
- 8 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below :
Praise him above, th' angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN LXXVII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
The souls before thy throne ;
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.
- 2 Well pleas'd in him, thyself declare ;
Thy pardoning love reveal :
The peaceful answer of our prayer
To every conscience seal.

- 3 On me, on all, some gift bestow ;
Some blessing now impart :
The seed of life-eternal sow
In every waiting heart.
- 4 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiven ;
And haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.
- 5 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant that we require ;
For Jesu's sake, the gift send down,
And answer us by fire.
- 6 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which shall to heaven ascend ;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

HYMN LXXVIII.

- 1 **T**O thee from out the deeps I pray,
With heaviest woes oppress,
Lord, let thine ears attentive weigh,
The voice of my request.
- 2 If from the fons of human birth,
Thy wrath its debt demand,

Oh who throughout the peopled earth,
Beneath that wrath shall stand ?

3 But sin's worst wounds thy mercy heals,
As down its pow'rs descend,
The grateful soul their influence feels,
And trembles to offend.

4 Thee, Lord, I seek, the wise, the just,
My soul, by thee upheld,
Expectant waits (thy word it's trust)
Till thou thy beams shall yield.

HYMN LXXIX.

1 **T**HY name, O God, upon my bed,
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought;
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.

2 In all I do I feel thy aid;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing;
O God, thou bidst my heart be glad,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

3 Wherefore in confidence I close
My eyes, for thine are open still;
My spirit, lull'd in calm repose,
Waits for the counsels of thy will.

- 4 After thy likeness let me rise,
If here thou wilt me longer stay;
Or close in mortal sleep my eyes,
To open them in endless day.
- 5 Still let me run, or end my race,
I cannot chuse, I all resign;
Contract, or lengthen out my days,
Come life, come death, for Christ is mine.

HYMN LXXX.

- 1 MY soul, with sacred zeal inspir'd,
Shall wake to God the thankful strain,
In secret with his saints retir'd,
And 'midst fair Sion's crowded fane :
Great are his works ; with studious aim,
Each faithful heart those words has trac'd;
His acts shall higher honour claim,
His equity for ever last.
- 2 His wonders to the grateful sense,
In sweet memorial stand confess;
For boundless grace his hands dispense,
And tend'rest pity warms his breast :
His love the souls to him allied
With food of heav'nly growth has fill'd,
Nor suffers from his thoughts to slide
The promise to his people seal'd.

HYMN LXXXI.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
In ev'ry time and place,
Glory to our heav'nly king,
The God of truth and grace;
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join;
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!
- 2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease,
Angels and archangels all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne.
- 3 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chaunt thy praise above,
We on eagle's wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee they sing with glory crown'd:
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise
Which gave thy Son to die :
Jesus full of truth, and grace,
Alike we glorify ;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be giv'n ;
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heav'n.

HYMN LXXXII.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the eternal King,
Your grateful hymns triumphant sing;
To you I call, the chosen band,
Who take amid his courts your stand,
While gliding round the dusky pole,
The starry orbs in silence roll.
- 2 Within his temple's vaulted frame,
With lifted hands his praise proclaim,
And he, may he, whose pow'r has made
The earth, and heav'ns wide arch display'd,
From sacred Sion bid thee prove,
The blessings of his boundless love.

HYMN LXXXIII.

- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;

Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh bid it all depart!

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless:
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's crosses to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little flock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

HYMN LXXXIV.

1 **L**O! from the hills my help descends,
To them I lift mine eyes;
My strength on him alone depends,
Who form'd the earth and skies:
He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids thy feet to slide,
Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's guard and guide.

2 He, at thy hand, array'd in might,
His shield shall o'er thee spread;
Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
Shall hurt thy favour'd head;
Safe shalt thou go and safe return,
While he thy life defends,
Whose eyes thy ev'ry step discern,
Whose mercy never ends.

HYMN LXXXV.

1 **B**EGIN my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our Eternal King.

2 Tell of his wonderful faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad,

Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord,
"For wretched dying men,"
His hand hath writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice, that rolls the stars along,
Spake all the promises.

6 Oh! might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, Thou art mine!
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

7 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

HYMN LXXXVI.

1 GREAT is our God; with warmest zeal,
Oh let his name be blest,
Within the precincts of his hill,
And city of his rest :
Fair is that hill, how wond'rous fair !
Imperial Sion's seat;
There centres earth, thy joy, and there
Its measure owns complete.

2 Her walls, while there his lov'd recess,
The northen heav'n surveys,
With safety God vouchsafes to bless,
And pleas'd, her sceptre sways :
Earth's haughty monarchs thither came;
They came, they saw, they fled;
Amazement shook their inmost frame,
And undissembled dread.

HYMN LXXXVII.

1 SERAPHS, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move, and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

2 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employ;
Jesus, my Lord, they sing :

Jefus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

3 Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and fpace they run ;
And echo in majestic founds
The Godhead of the Son !

4 But, when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide :
Sufpended fongs, a moment, mourn
The God that lov'd and died.

5 Then, all at once, to living ftrains,
They fummon every chord :
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rifing Lord.

6 Now let me mount, and join their fongs,
And be an angel too :
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

7 I would begin the mufic here,
And fo my foul fhall rife ;
Oh for fome heavenly notes to bear
My paffions to the fkies !

H

HYMN LXXXVIII.

- 1 **A**RISE ye people, clap the hand,
 Exulting strike the chord :
 Let ev'ry isle, and ev'ry land,
 Confess th' Almighty Lord ;
 How awful his mysterious name !
 How high advanc'd his feat !
 Who bids the nations own our claim,
 And cast them at our feet.

- 2 He to our lot a land assign'd,
 His favour'd Jacob's boast,
 And blest with gifts of various kind,
 Her health-incircl'd coast :
 Hear, while the shouts wide echoing round
 The ascending God proclaim,
 The answ'ring trump thro' heav'n resound,
 And shakes his vaulted frame.

- 3 Sing to our God ; in loudest strain,
 Perpetual praises sing :
 O'er earth's wide bounds extends his reign
 O praise our God and king :
 Prepare, prepare, with tuneful art,
 In one assembled throng,
 Your shares of harmony to part,
 And raise the heav'n-taught song.

HYMN LXXXIX.

- 1 **O** For a heart to praise my God !
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, broken, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd ;
And fill'd with love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe :
Jesus, for thee distressed I am ;
I want thy love to know.
- 6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,

Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN XC.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.
- 2 Visit our minds, into our hearts,
Thy heav'nly grace inspire :
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter,
In grief and all distress :
The heavenly gift of God most high,
No tongue can it express.
- 4 The fountain and the living spring,
Of joy celestial :
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
The unction spiritual.
- 5 Thou in thy gifts art manifold,
By them Christ's church doth stand :
In faithful hearts thou writ'st thy law,
The finger of God's hand.

- 6 According to thy promise, Lord,
Thou givest speech with grace :
That through thy help God's promise may
Resound in every place.

HYMN XCI.

- 1 OH for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns !
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall ;
And with delightful worship own
His smile, their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise ;
And love, and joy, and triumph spread,
Through all the assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze ;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues,
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the followers of the Lamb,
Shall join at last the heavenly choir ;

Oh may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire !

- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blisful place ;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

HYMN XCI.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care,
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;

Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the friendly shade.

- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN XCIII.

- 1 **E**TERNAL wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings :
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

- 4 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the Builder God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace,
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in JESU's face
We see, adore, and love.

HYMN XCIV.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, Oh quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying ;
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister Spirit come away !
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring ;
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount I fly !
O grave where is thy victory ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

HYMN XCV.

- 1 **S**INCE our good friend is gone to rest,
Within the silent grave ;
We hope his soul's among the blest,
Let fruitless sorrows wave.
- 2 Our loss is now his greatest gain,
Let no rude hand annoy,
His dust now sleeps (exempt from pain)
In hopes of future joy.
- 3 We at the great and joyful day,
Shall all together meet :
And there our awful homage pay,
At our kind master's feet.
- 4 Then the great judge from his high throne,
Bright crowns of gold shall give :
To such as have his precepts known,
And study'd well to live.
- 5 Oh ; let us then our hearts prepare,
For that uncertain hour :

Lest death should end our pain and care,
In sin, by Satan's pow'r.

6 Lord, give us grace our time to spend,
In virtue's prudent way :
That when our latter days do end,
No guilt may us dismay.

HYMN XCVI.

1 O CLAP your hands,
Ye people, shout and sing
To God the great
And universal king ;
'Twas he subdu'd
Whole nations of our foes ;
Then for our lot
The tribe of Jacob chose.
God is gone up,
The Lord is high ascended,
With trumpet's sound
And shouts of joy attended.

2 To God the great
And universal king,
Exalted praise
With understanding sing ;
The heathen he,
Rules from his holy throne,

Whom he in time,
Shall call and make his own;
Whose chiefs shall join
With saints by him elected;
For by his pow'r
The earth is all protected.

3 To Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest'd,
All honour, praise,
And worship be address'd;
As it was done
In ages long ago,
As now it is,
And shall continue so
To the last bounds
And date of time extended;
And shall endure
When time its course has ended.

HYMN XCVII.

1 **T**HE LORD of sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

Left death should end our pain and care,
In sin, by Satan's pow'r.

- 6 Lord, give us grace our time to spend,
In virtue's prudent way :
That when our latter days do end,
No guilt may us dismay.

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When time its course has ended.

HYMN XCVII.

1 **T**HE LORD of sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

- 2 Thus LORD, while we remember thee,
We blest'd and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be,
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By GOD, th' eternal word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

HYMN XCVIII.

- 1 I NFINITE pow'r, eternal Lord,
How sov'reign is thy hand,
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady course the shining sun,
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run,
The circle of the day.
- 3 The raging fire and stormy sea,
Perform thy awful will;

And every beast and every tree,
Thy great design fulfil.

- 4 Shall creatures of a meaner frame,
Pay all their dues to thee ?
Creatures that never knew thy name,
That ne'er were lov'd like me.
- 5 Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine ;
Melt down my will and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.
- 6 Seize my whole frame into thy hand,
Here all my pow'rs I bring ;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every spring.
- 7 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor my affections rove ;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

HYMN XCIX.

- 1 **L**O! my shepherd's hand divine !
Want shall never more be mine ;
In a pasture fair and large,
He shall feed his happy charge.

And my couch with tend'rest care,
 Midst the springing grafs prepare,
 When I faint with summer heat,
 He shall lead my weary feet
 To the streams that still and flow,
 Through the verdant meadows flow.

2 He my soul anew shall frame,
 And, his mercy to proclaim,
 When through devious paths I stray
 Teach my steps the better way ;
 Through the dreary vale I tread,
 By the shades of death o'erspread,
 There I walk from terror free,
 While my ev'ry wish I see,
 By thy rod and staff supplied,
 This my guard, and that my guide.

3 While my foes are gazing on,
 Thou thy fav'ring care hast shewn ;
 Thou my plenteous board hast spread,
 Thou with oil refresh'd my head ;
 Fill'd by thee, my cup o'erflows,
 For thy love no limit knows ;
 Constant to my latest end,
 This my footsteps shall attend,
 And shall bid thy hallow'd dome,
 Yield me an eternal home.

HYMN C.

- 1 **H**OW good and pleasant is the work
To bless the Lord most high ;
And with repeated hymns of praise,
His name to magnify !
- 2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate ;
And all his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat.
- 3 How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord,
How deep are thy decrees !
Whose winding track, in secret laid,
No thoughtless finner sees.
- 4 Tho' wicked men like blooming flow'rs,
A while look fresh and gay ;
Soon must the short-liv'd beauty fade,
Their glory pass away.
- 5 But those who keep the laws of God,
Within his courts shall thrive ;
Their vigour and their fruitfulness,
Shall in old age revive.

6 Thus will the Lord his justice shew ;
And God, our strong defence,
Will due rewards to all the world,
Impartially dispense.

HYMN CI.

- 1 **L**O, God is here ! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place !
Let all within us feel his pow'r,
And silent bow before his face,
Who knows his pow'r, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! him day and night,
Th' united choir of angels sing ;
To him enthron'd above all height,
Heav'ns host their noblest praises bring :
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a flamm'ring tongue.
- 3 Being of beings, may our praise,
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill,
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will :
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless accepted sacrifice.

HYMN CII.

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair ;
And, while he bows before thy throne,
Shall find acceptance there ?
- 2 'Tis he whose ev'ry thought and deed,
By rules of virtue moves ;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.
- 3 Who never will a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound ;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round.
- 4 Who vice, when drest in pomp and pow'r,
Can treat with just neglect ;
And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags,
Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust,
Has ever firmly stood ;
And tho' he promise to his loss,
Still makes his promise good.
- 6 Who seek not by oppressive ways,
His wealth to multiply :

Whom no regard can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.

- 7 The man, who by his steady course,
Has happiness insur'd,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By providence secur'd.

HYMN CIII.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Lord, most merciful,
These thanks unfeign'd, these vows receive;
Thou, who when bath'd in tears I lay,
Didst hear my cries, and quick relieve.

Chorus. Great God from all eternity,
O! may our prayers ascend to thee.

- 2 Plung'd deep in woe, of hope bereft,
Destruction threaten'd me around,
Remorse was mine and black despair,
And I no ray of comfort found.
Great God, &c.

- 3 For ever Oh recorded be
The moment when thy grace bestow'd,
Thro' Christ, the sight of pard'ning love,
And led me to this blest abode.
Great God, &c.

- 4 Since treading virtue's sacred paths,
Alone secures the mind's content,
May the remainder of my days,
In serving thee be always spent.

Cho. Great God from all eternity,
O! may our pray'rs ascend to thee.

HYMN CIV.

- 1 SEE how the winged seraphs fly,
Posting from heav'n above;
To welcome with triumphant songs,
The new rais'd God of Love.
- 2 Death and the grave in vain combine,
The God-head to invade;
Which now are captive death and hell,
His victory has display'd.
- 5 The night with more than wonted haste,
Flies joyfully away!
And all the messengers of light,
Attend the welcome day.

CHORUS.

Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
Join in comfort with our song,
And waft the happy news along:
Now boundless joy and endless bliss,

Eternal mercy, love and peace,
Have crown'd the world with happiness.

HYMN CV.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, that in the bosom
Of the Father dwellest high,
Deign to visit humble sinners,
From thy rest above the sky.
- 2 God incarnate, leave thy glory,
Nor abhor the Virgin's womb ;
Spread salvation like a river ;
Jesus, let thy kingdom come.
- 3 Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
- 4 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart,
- 5 Shepherds did you hear him coming,
Whilst you kept your flocks by night ?
Did you see his star in heaven,
Blaze with new created light.

- 6 Haste, ye Magi, come and worship,
See the orient star before ;
Bring your presents, gold and spices,
Blest Arabia's balmy store.
- 7 All ye joyous hosts of heaven,
Loudly speak the Saviour's praise ;
Saints and angels, in full chorus,
Your seraphic voices raise.
- 8 Come, O come, your hallelujahs
In wide echoing songs proclaim,
Heaven and earth with joy resounding,
Praise the blest Redeemer's name.

HYMN CVI.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead !
Before whose-bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear :
Our caution'd souls prepare :
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,

When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down;
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
For ever let th' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come,
"Arise, and meet him in the sky,
"And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

HYMN CVII.

1 **L**O! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain,

Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train ;
Hallelujah, God appears on earth to reign.

2 See mountains levell'd, valleys rise,
Streams o'er beds of ambers lay,
See floods of glory burst the skies,
Kings and kingdoms fade away ;
Hallelujah, hail, all hail immortal day.

3 Behold Jehovah's mighty car,
Blazing with eternal flames,
Hark ! the seraphic songs from far,
Chant the great Redeemer's name ;
Hallelujah, echo's thro' the vaulted frame.

4 See the glorious God descending,
See the angels in array,
Hark ! the awful trumpet sounding,
Come to judgment, come away.

5 'Tis done, the awful process ended,
Nature's clouds are swept away ;
The Son of glory now descended,
Opens an eternal day.
Hallelujah, hail, all hail eternal day.

HYMN CVIII.

- 1 **A**WAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord ;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.
- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And tun'd the sacred lyre.
- 3 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 4 **J**ESUS has left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms ;
And thus almighty power and love
Appear in all their forms.
- 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song :
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The whole harmonious throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we repeat,
GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH ;

GOOD-WILL and PEACE are now complete,
JESUS was born to die !

- 7 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail !
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
Though earth and time and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN CIX.

- 1 **H**E reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns ;
Praise him in evangelic strains ;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;
But grace and truth support his throne :
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with fore dismay,
Fly from the fight, and shun the day ;
Then lift your heads, ye saints on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

HYMN CX.

- 1 **A**LL glory to God in the sky,
 And peace upon earth be restor'd !
 O Jesus, exalted on high,
 Appear our omnipotent Lord :
 Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
 Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
 Once more to thy creatures return,
 And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
 All nature acknowledg'd thy birth ;
 Arose the acceptable year,
 And heaven was open'd on earth ;
 Receiving its Lord from above,
 The world was united to bliss,
 The giver of concord and love,
 The Prince and the Author of peace.
- 3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
 Again in the Spirit descend ;
 And set up in each of thy own
 A kingdom that never shall end.
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway.

- 4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know :
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below :
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.
- 5 No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose :
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus's spirit o'erflows :
Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like thine.

HYMN CXI.

- 1 **H**ARK ! hark ! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd :
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Chorus. Hark ! hark ! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

- 2 Christ by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb ;
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity,
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Cho. Hark, &c.

- 3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of peace ;
Hail the Sun of righteousness ;
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings ;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Cho. Hark, &c.

HYMN CXII.

- 1 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng ;
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song.

- 2 Good-will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.
- 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
Now such a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.
- 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns ;
And learn of the celestial choir,
Their own immortal strains ?

HYMN CXIII.

1 **A**RISE and hail the sacred day,
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thoughts of meaner things ;
This day to cure thy deadly woes,
The Sun of righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.

Chorus. O then let heav'n and earth rejoice,
Creation's whole united voice,
And hymn the happy day.

2 If angels on that happy morn,
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth seraphic songs ;
Much more should we of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom the grace belongs.

Cho. O then let heav'n, &c.

3 How wonderful, how vast his love,
Who left the shining realms above,
Those happy seats of rest ;
How much for lost mankind he bore,
Their peace and pardon to restore,
Can never be exprest.

Cho. O then let heaven, &c.

4 Whilst we adore his boundless grace,
And pious mirth and joy takes place,
Of sorrow, grief and pain ;
Give glory to our God on high,
And not amongst the general joy,
Forget good-will to men.

Cho. O then let heav'n, &c.

HYMN CXIV.

1 **S**ING to the great Jehovah's praise

All praise to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs :
Whose providence has brought us through
Another various year,
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,

Thy still continued care,
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have, or are ;
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go.
To see thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours

Thine, wholly Thine shall be,
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to Thee :
Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,

And bring the grand sabbatic year
The jubilee of heaven.

HYMN CXV.

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!
- 2 Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few which yet remain.
- 3 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgments shall survey.
- 4 Awake my soul; with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy chief concern.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his care depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt an happy end.

HYMN CXVI.

- 1 **S**ALVATION doth to God belong,
His pow'r and grace shall be our song,
His hand hath dealt a deadly blow,
And terror strikes the haughty foe.
- 2 Praise to the Lord, who bows his ear,
Propitious to his people's pray'r ;
And, tho' deliv'rance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 3 O may thy grace our land engage,
(Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic rage)
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.
- 4 Our temples guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name ;
And ev'ry peaceful private home,
To thee a temple shall become.
- 5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd fight ;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear
To life's last hour to persevere.

HYMN CXVII.

- 1 **S**ONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected star !
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below,
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ush'ring in the Prince of peace.
- 3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scatt'ring error's wide spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear !
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there !
- 5 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes,
God, in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye morning stars again,
God descends on earth to reign,

Deigns for man his life t' employ;
Shout, ye sons of God for joy!

HYMN CXVIII.

- 1 **O**BEDIENT to the voice of God,
I soon shall quit this earthly clod,
 Shall lay my body down;
The immortal principle aspires,
And swells my soul with strong desires
 To grasp the starry crown.
- 2 The more the outward man decays,
The inner feels thy strengthening grace,
 And knows that thou art mine:
Partaker of my glorious hope,
There shall I after thee wake up,
 Shall in thy image shine.
- 3 Thou wilt not leave thy work undone,
But finish what thou hast begun,
 Before I hence remove;
Oh make me, Saviour, as thou art,
Holy, and meek, and pure in heart.
 And perfected in love.
- 4 Thou wilt cut short thy work of grace,
And perfect in a babe thy praise,

And strength for me ordain,
Thy blood shall make me throughly clean,
And not one spot of inbred sin
Shall in my flesh remain.

- 5 Dear Lamb, if thou for me couldst die,
Thy love shall wholly sanctify,
Thy love shall seal me thine;
Thou wilt from me no more depart,
My all in life and death thou art,
Thou art for ever mine.

HYMN CXIX.

- 1 JESUS, thy sovereign name I blest!
Sorrow is joy and pain is ease
To those that trust in thee;
All things together work for good
To me the purchase of thy blood,
The much-lov'd sinner me.

- 2 With thee, O Christ, on earth I reign
In all the awful pomp of pain;
But send me piercing eyes
The eternal things unseen to see,
The crown of life reserv'd for me,
And glittering through the skies.

- 3 As sure as now thy cross I bear,
I shall thy heavenly kingdom share,
And take my seat above;
Celestial joy is in this pain;
It tells me, I with joy shall reign
In everlasting love.
- 4 The more my sufferings here increase
The greater is my future bliss;
And thou my griefs dost tell:
They in thy book are noted down;
A jewel added to my crown
Is every pain I feel.
- 5 So be it then, if thou ordain,
Croud all my happy life with pain,
And let me daily die:
I bow, and bless the sacred sign,
And bear the cross by grace divine,
Which lifts me to the sky.

HYMN CXX.

- 1 **N**OW, LORD, acknowledge us for thine,
Regard thy humbled servant's prayer,
And cause on us thy face to shine,
The ruins of thy church repair!
Oh for the sake of Christ, the Lord,
Let all our souls be now restor'd.

- 2 My God incline thine ear and hear
Open thine eyes our wastes to see,
Thy fallen, desolate Sion cheer,
The city which is nam'd by thee,
Nor for our cry the grace be shown,
But hear, in Jesus hear thy own.
- 3 All our desert we own is hell,
But spare us for thy mercy's sake,
We humbly to thy grace appeal,
And Jesu's wounds our refuge make;
Oh let us all thy mercy prove,
The riches of thy pardoning love.
- 4 O Lord, attend, O Lord, forgive,
O Lord, regard our prayer, and do:
Hasten, my God, and bid us live,
The fulness of thy mercy shew:
The city, and thy people own,
And perfect all our souls in one.

HYMN CXXI.

- 1 **H**ARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim :
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN CXXII.

- 1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Who preache'st still the gospel-word,

In these thy Spirit's days ;
My helpless soul with pity see,
And set me now at liberty,
By justifying grace.

2 Where two or three thy presence claim,
Assembled in thy saving name,
Thy saving power is near :
Sure as thou art in heaven above,
Thou in the Spirit of thy love,
And God in thee is here.

3 Myself alas ! I cannot raise,
Or lift my heart in prayer and praise,
Or rectify my will ;
I own, cut off from human hope,
To lift a fallen spirit up,
With man impossible.

4 But Oh ! thou see'st my desperate case,
Pronounce the word of pardoning grace,
And call me, Lord, to thee ;
Inspeak the power into my heart,
And say this moment, loos'd thou art
From thy infirmity.

HYMN CXXIII.

- 1 **L**ORD God omnipotent to blefs,
My fupplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear.
- 2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the facred road,
Oh teach my wandering feet the way
To Zion's bleft abode !
- 3 Or, if I'm travelling in the path,
Affift me with thy ftrength,
And let me fwift advances make,
And reach thy heaven at length.
- 4 My care, my hope, my firft request,
Are all compris'd in this,
To follow where thy faints have led,
And then partake their blifs.

HYMN CXXIV.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot part with thee ;
I will not let thee go :
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David fhew !

Vilest of the sinful race
On thee importunate I call ;
Help me, Jesus ; shew thy grace ;
Thy grace is free for all.

2 Nothing am I in thy fight,
Nothing have I to plead :
Unto dogs it is not right
To cast the children's bread,
Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat,
That from their master's table fall ;
Let the fragments be my meat :
Thy grace is free for all.

3 Give me Lord the victory,
My heart's desire fulfil ;
Let it now be done to me
According to my will !
Give me living bread to eat,
And say, in answer to my call,
Canaanite, thy faith is great !
My grace is free for all.

4 If thy grace for all is free,
Thy call now let me hear :
Shew this token upon me,
And bring salvation near.

Now the gracious word repeat,
The word of healing to my soul :
Canaanite, thy faith is great !
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

HYMN CXXV.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be fought ;
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought !
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear !
- 4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;

And hear my dying Saviour's groan,
To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thy only Son hath died,
To make that pardon sure.

HYMN CXXVI.

- 1 **A**LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Wou'd he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in ;
When Christ the mighty Maker dy'd,
For man the creature's sin !
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN CXXVII.

- 1 FROM whence these dire portends around,
That earth and heav'n amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,
Why hides the sun his rays?
- 2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling head
With sacred horror nod,
Beneath the dark pavilion spread
Of the descending God!
- 3 What tongue the tortures can declare
Of this vindictive hour?
Wrath he alone had will to share,
And he alone had pow'r?
- 4 See, streaming from the fatal tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the Infinite?—'tis He!
My Saviour and my God!
- 5 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me the death is borne!

My sin gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed ev'ry thorn.

- 6 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain;
Oh! save me whom thou can'st to save,
Nor bleed or die in vain!

HYMN CXXVIII.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how he groans; while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries!
See, where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN CXXIX.

1 I SING my Saviour's wond'rous death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
" 'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 " 'Tis finish'd," our Immanuel cries,
" Th' dreadful work is done ;"
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown ;
When thro' the regions of the dead,
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord ;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The faints, from his propitious eye,
Await their sev'ral crowns ;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN CXXX.

- 1 **T**O God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good-will !
We blefs, we praise, we worship thee,
And glorify thee still.
- 2 And thanks for thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light;
O Lord ! God ! heavenly King ! the God
And Father of all Might.
- 3 And thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun ;
O Jefus Chrift ! God ! Lamb of God !
The Father's only Son !
- 4 Have mercy, thou that tak'ft the fins
Of all the world away !
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray !
- 5 O thou who fitt'ft at God's right-hand,
Upon the Father's throne !
Have mercy on us, thou, O Chrift,
Who art the Holy One !

- 6 The Lord, who with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most high for evermore.

HYMN CXXXI.

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim !
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease :
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean :
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race ;

Look, and be fav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

6 See all your sins on Jesus laid :
The lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

7 With me your chief you then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven ;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

HYMN CXXXII.

1 **T**HEE, King of saints, we praise,
For this our living bread,
Nourish'd by thy preserving grace,
And at thy table fed.

Who in these lower parts
Of thy great kingdom feast,
We feel the earnest in our hearts
Of our eternal rest.

2 Yet still an higher seat
We in thy kingdom claim,
Who here begin by faith to eat
The supper of the Lamb.

That glorious heavenly prize
We surely shall attain,
And in the palace of the skies
With thee for ever reign.

HYMN CXXXIII.

- 1 **Y**ONDER, amazing fight ! I see
The incarnate Son of God.
Expiring on the accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.
- 2 Behold, the purple torrents run
Down from his hands and head :
The crimson tide puts out the sun ;
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth and darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud !
And with the amaz'd centurion cry,
" This was the Son of God."
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive :
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.
- 5 Oh that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee !

Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine may it ever be !

HYMN CXXXIV.

- 1 JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We thus approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipt in blood.
- 2 Obedient to thy gracious word
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commemorate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.
- 3 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known,
Affix the sacramental seal,
And stamp us for thy own.
- 4 The tokens of thy dying love
Oh let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.
- 5 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart ;
The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.

- 6 The grace which sure salvation brings
Let us herewith receive :
Sate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.
- 7 The living bread sent down from heaven
In us vouchsafe to be :
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
- 8 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below,
With all the life of God.

HYMN CXXXV.

- 1 SEE, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.
- 2 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 3 In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites you now to come;

The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

4 Oh come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In extasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Yea all the world, may come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, for there is room.

HYMN CXXXVI.

1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And fav'd by grace alone ;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

- 3 Thee in thy glorious realms they praise,
And bow before thy throne !
We in the kingdom of thy grace ;
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
From thence our spirits rise ;
And he, that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

HYMN CXXXVII.

- 1 **O**F him who did salvation bring,
Oh may we ever think and sing ;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive,
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo ! 'tis given ;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven :
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To cleanse from sin he shed his blood,
He died to bring us near to God ;
Let all the world fall down, and know
That none but God such love could show.
- 4 Infatiate to this spring I fly ;
I drink, and yet am ever dry :

Ah ! who against his charms is proof !
Ah ! who that loves can love enough.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song !
Oh may his love (immortal flame !)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what moral thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high.
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die ;
Was ever love like his !
- 4 O Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee ;
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.
- 5 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue ;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN CXXXIX.

- 1 **H**AIL, Father, Son, and Spirit great,
Before the birth of time :
Enthron'd in everlasting state,
Jehovah, Elohim !
- 2 From thee our being we receive,
The creatures of thy grace ;
And rais'd out of the earth, we live
To sing our Maker's praise.
- 3 Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind
Did our creation plan :
And all the glorious persons join'd
To form thy favourite man.
- 4 Again thou didst in council meet,
Thy ruin'd work restore :
Establish'd in our first estate,
To forfeit it no more.
- 5 And when we rise in love renew'd,
Our souls resemble thee ;
An image of the triune God
To all eternity.

HYMN CXL.

- 1 **J**ESUS Christ is risen to day;
Sons of men and angels say,
Who did once upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.
- 2 Hymns and praises then let us sing,
Unto Christ our heavenly king,
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
- 3 But the pains which he endur'd,
Our salvation hath procur'd,
Now above the sky he's king,
Where the angels ever sing.

HYMN CXLI.

- 1 **F**ATHER, God, we glorify
Thy love to Adam's seed,
Love that gave thy Son to die,
And rais'd him from the dead;
Him for our offences slain,
That we all might pardon find,
Thou hast brought to life again
The Saviour of mankind.
- 2 By thy own right hand of power
Thou hast exalted him,

Sent the mighty conqueror,
Thy people to redeem :
King of faints, and Prince of peace,
Him thou hast to finners given,
Sinners from their sins to blefs,
And lift them up to heaven.

3 Father, God, to us impart
The gift unspeakable,
Now in every waiting heart
Thy glorious Son reveal ;
Quicken'd with our living Lord
Let us in thy Spirit rise,
Rise to all thy life restor'd,
And thank thee in the skies.

HYMN CLXII.

1 **H**E dies ! the Friend of finners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around :
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
Come, faints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load !
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richest blood !

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man !

But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb:
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 3 Break off your tears, ye faints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:
Say, "Live for ever, wonderful King!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster—"where's thy sting?
"And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

HYMN CXLIII.

- 1 **C**HRIST from the dead is rais'd and made
The first-fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death by man
Did resurrection come.
- 2 For as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive;
So by the righteousness of Christ
Shall all be made alive.

- 3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things that are above, where Christ
At God's right hand is set.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN CXLIV.

- 1 **N**OW let my soul by faith arise,
And view my Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.
- 2 See where he languish'd on the cross;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and died;
See where he sits to plead my cause
By his almighty Father's side.
- 3 If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns;
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.
- 4 Or, if I climb the eternal hills,
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,
N

Still in his heart compassion dwells
Near the memorials of his wound.

- 5 How shall a pardon'd rebel show,
How much I love my gracious God?
Oh may I banish every foe;
And hate the sins that cost his blood.

HYMN CXLV.

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When Christ's belov'd disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
"Go and assert your Saviour's cause,
"Go spread the mystery of the cross.
- 4 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

ON THE LAST DAY:

Said to have been written, during a storm at Sea,

By *RICHARD KEMPENFELT, Esq.*

REAR ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE:

Who went down in the Royal George, when she foundered
at Spithead, on Thursday the 29th of August, 1782.

(Tune, God save the King.)

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis the trump of God
Sounds through the realms abroad,
“Time is no more;”
Horrors invest the skies,
Graves burst and myriads rise,
Nature in agonies
Yields up her store.
- 2 Chang'd in a moment's space,
Lo, the affrighted race
Shriek and despair;
Now they attempt to fly,
Curse immortality,
And eye their misery
Dreadfully near.
- 3 Quick reels the bursting earth,
Rock'd by a storm of wrath,
Hurl'd from her sphere;
Heart-rending thunders roll,
Dæmons tormented howl,
Great God! support my soul
Yielding to fear.
- 4 O my Redeemer, come,
And through the frightful gloom,
Brighten thy way;

How would our souls arise,
Soar through the flaming skies,
Join the solemnities
Of the great day.

5 See, see, the incarnate God
Swiftly emits abroad
Glories benign;
Lo! Lo! he comes, he's here!
Angels and saints appear,
Fled is my every fear,
Jesus is mine.

6 High on a flaming throne,
Rides the eternal Son,
Sovereign August!
Worlds from his presence fly,
Shrink at his Majesty,
Stars dash along the sky
Awfully burst.

7 Thousand of thousands wait
Round the judicial seat,
Glorified there;
Prostrate the Elders fall,
Wing'd is my raptur'd soul,
Nigh to the judge of all
Lo! I draw near.

8 O my approving God,
Wash'd in thy precious blood,
Bold I advance;
Fearless we wing along,
Join the triumphant throng,
Shout an extatic song,
Through the expanse.

C. B.





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